

CHARLTON
COMICS
00006-573

BARNEY AND BETTY RUBBLE

NO. 3
MAY
CDC
ONLY
20¢

ALL NEW

The **FLINTSTONES'** NEIGHBORS



Barney & Betty

RUBBLE

a Hanna-Barbera
Production



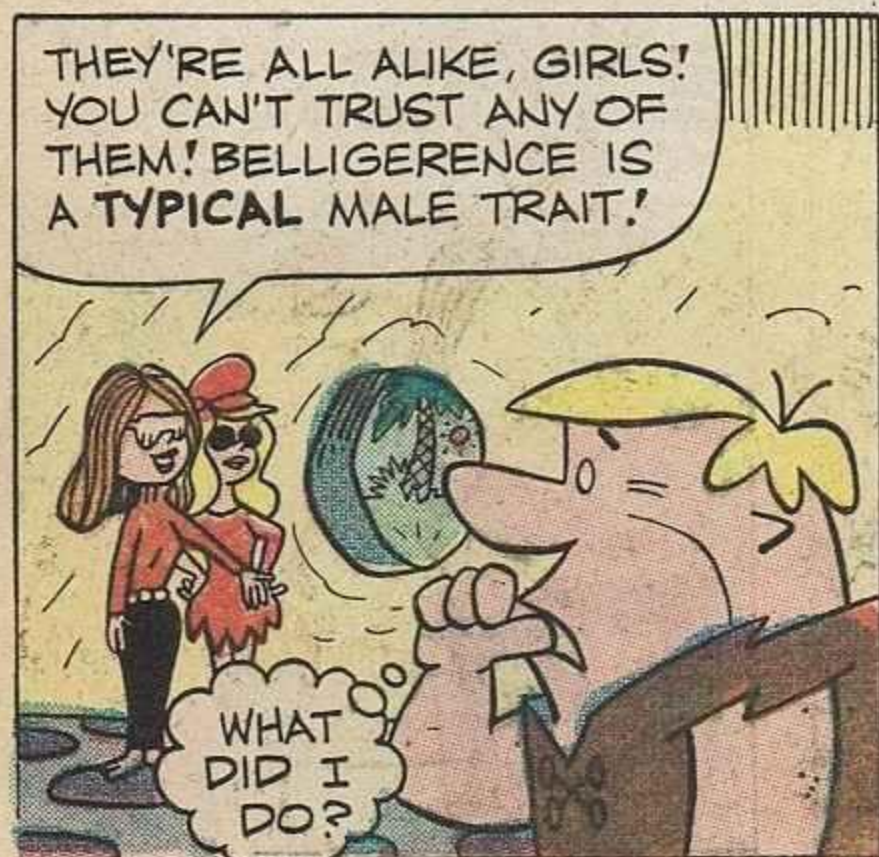
000006

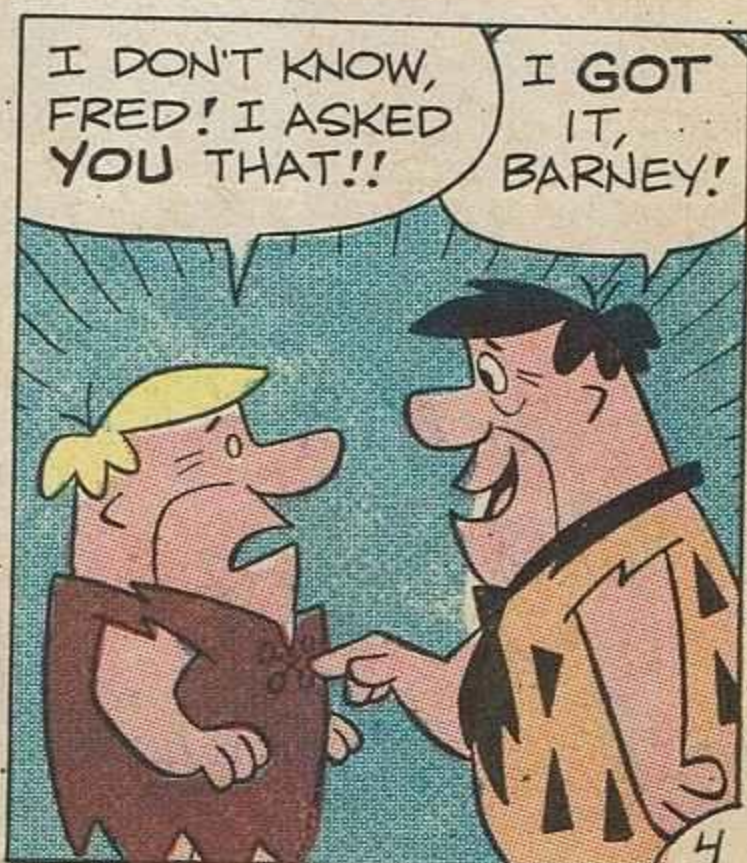


BARNEY AND BETTY RUBBLE Vol. 1, No. 3, May, 1973,

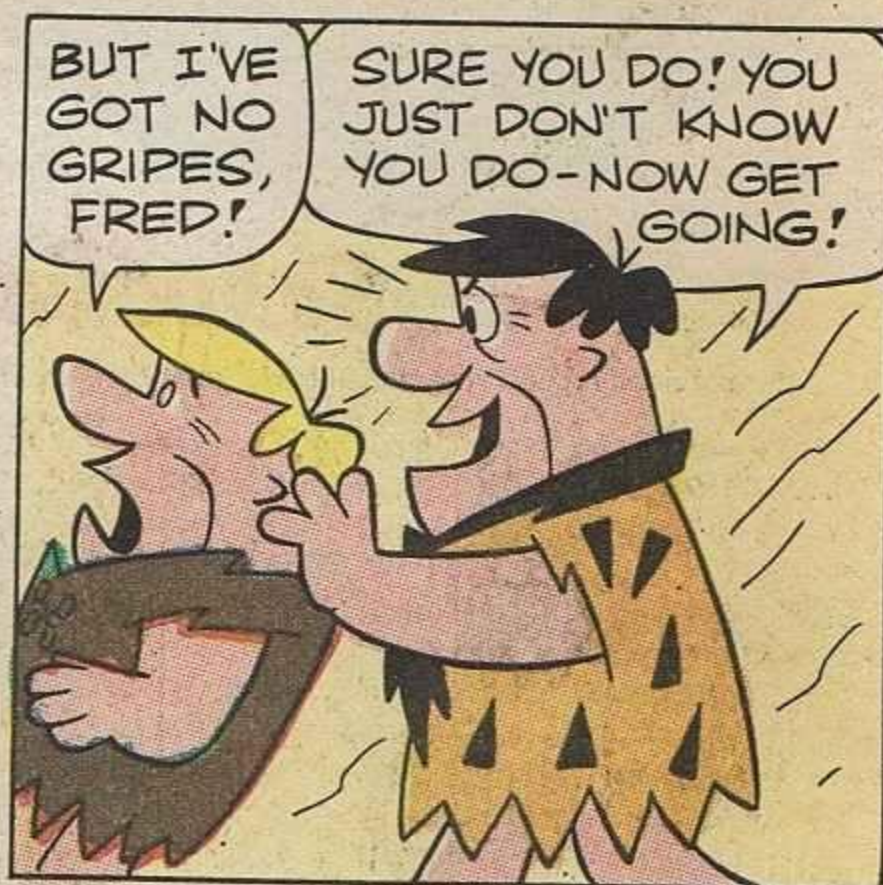
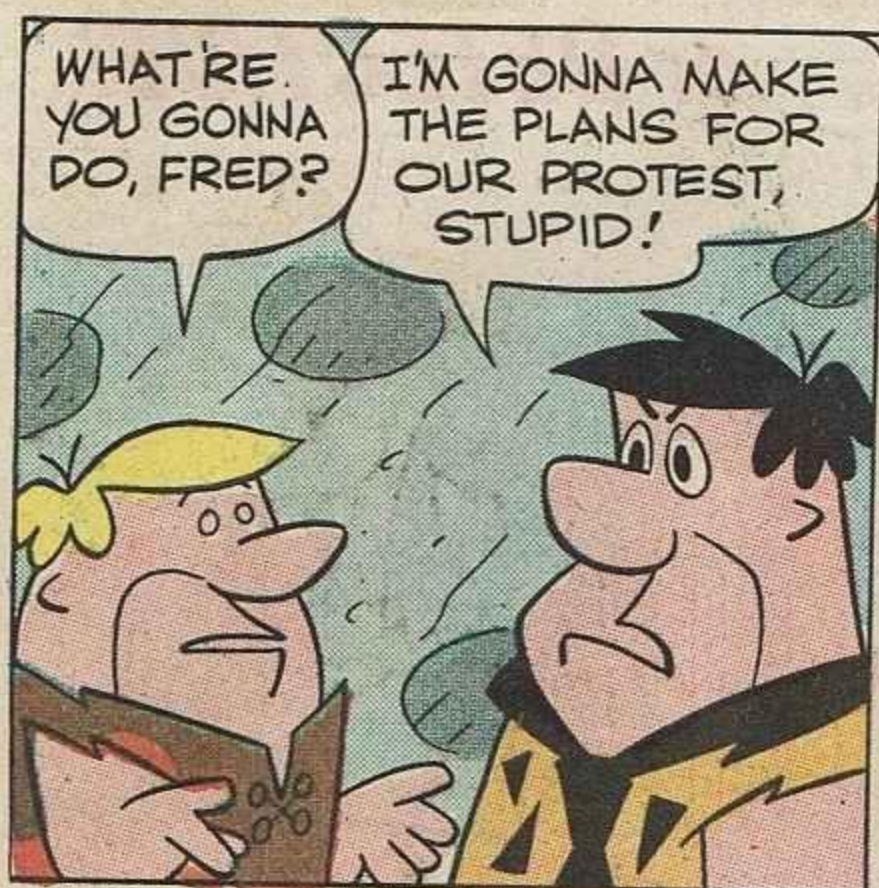
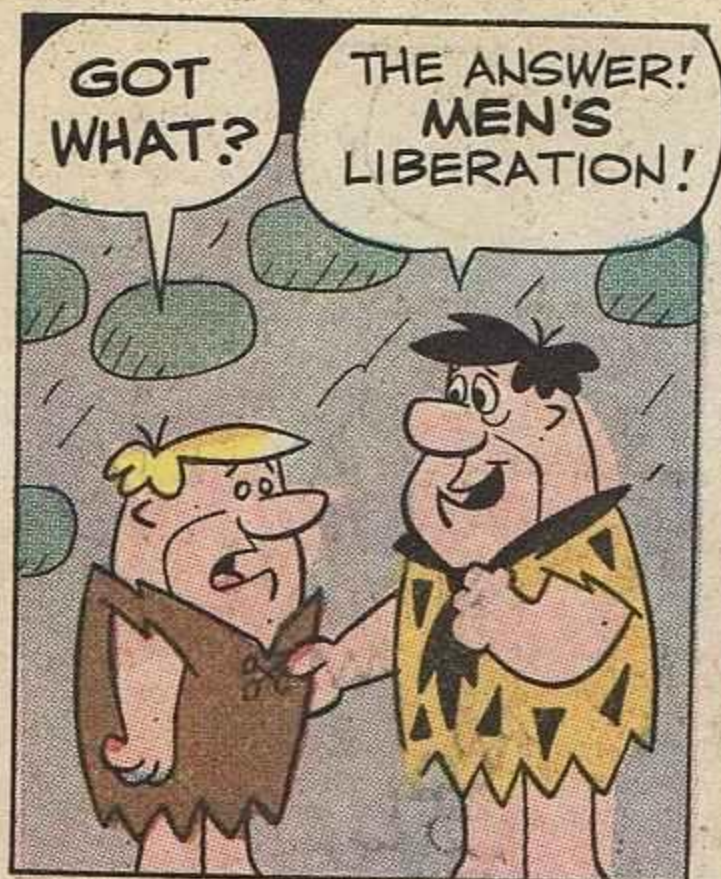
published bimonthly by Charlton Press, Inc. at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. 20c per copy. Subscription \$1.20 annually. Printed in U.S.A. Geo. Wildman Managing Editor. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price. National Advertising Representatives: Dilo, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (212-686-9050). ©1973, HANNA - BARBERA PRODUCTIONS, INC. International copyright secured. All rights reserved.



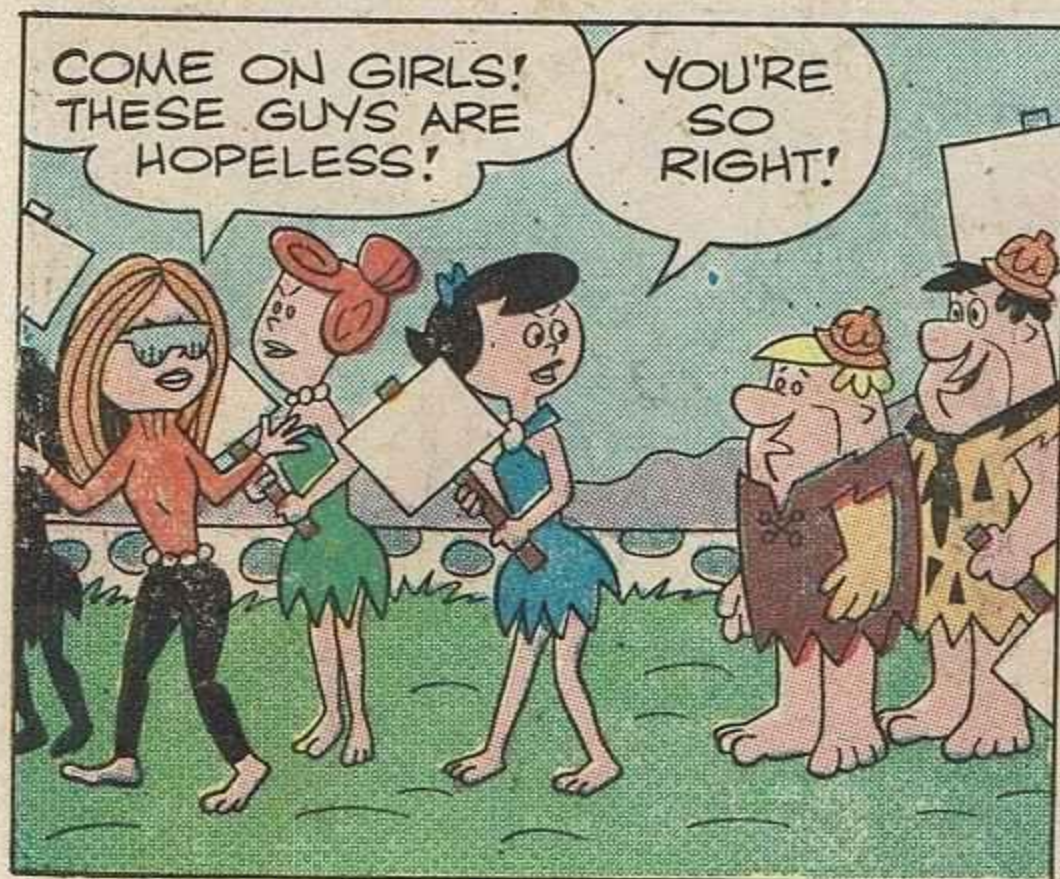
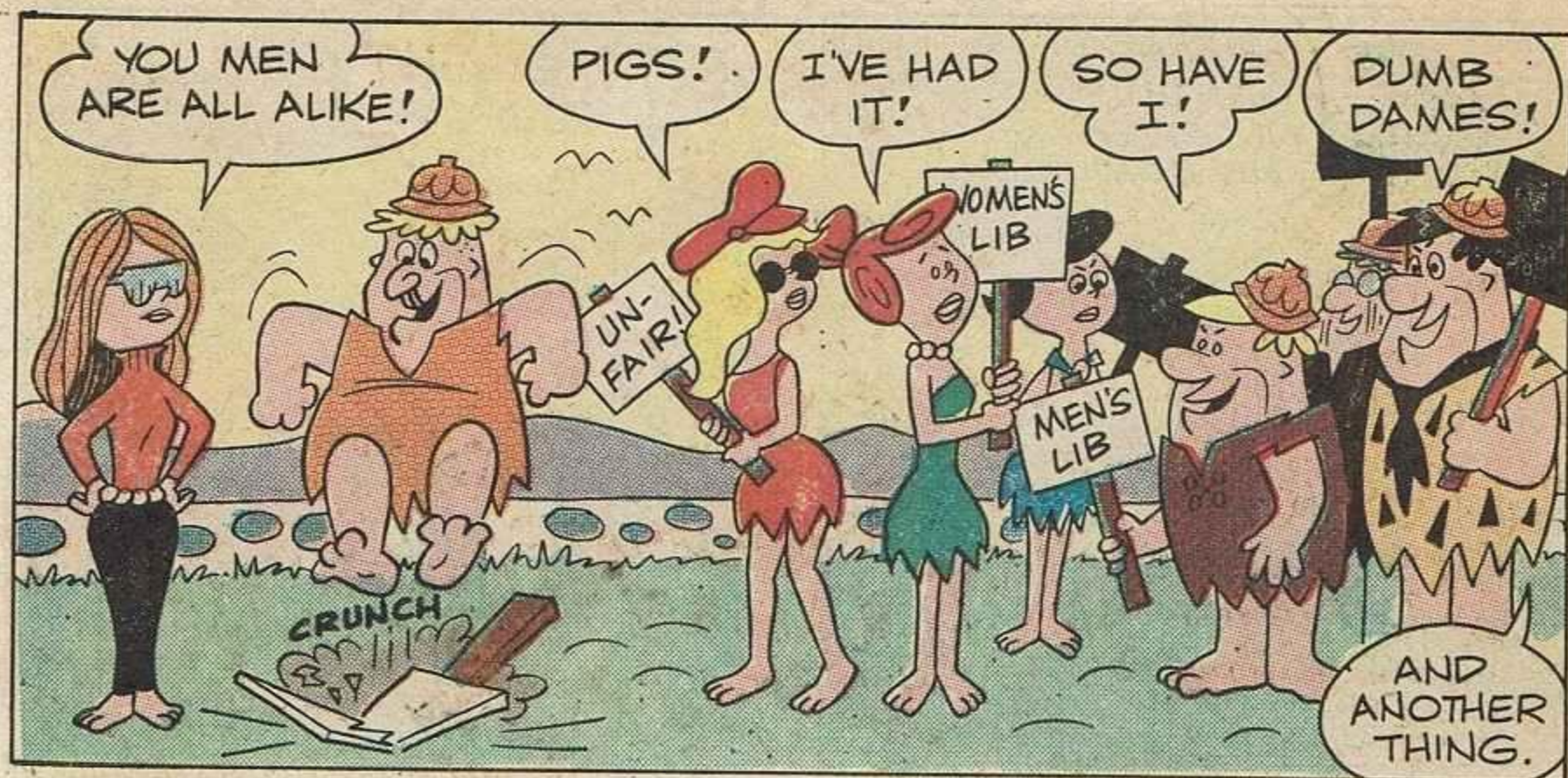




CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE









OH, BOY, TONIGHT'S THE BIG NIGHT! WE'RE GONNA WIN THAT BOWLIN' TROPHY!

FIRST THING YOU'RE GOING TO DO, BARNEY, IS TAKE THIS GLUE AND FIX THAT BROKEN LEG.



WE'RE REALLY GONNA **SMASH** THAT "BEDROCK BOULDERS" TEAM!

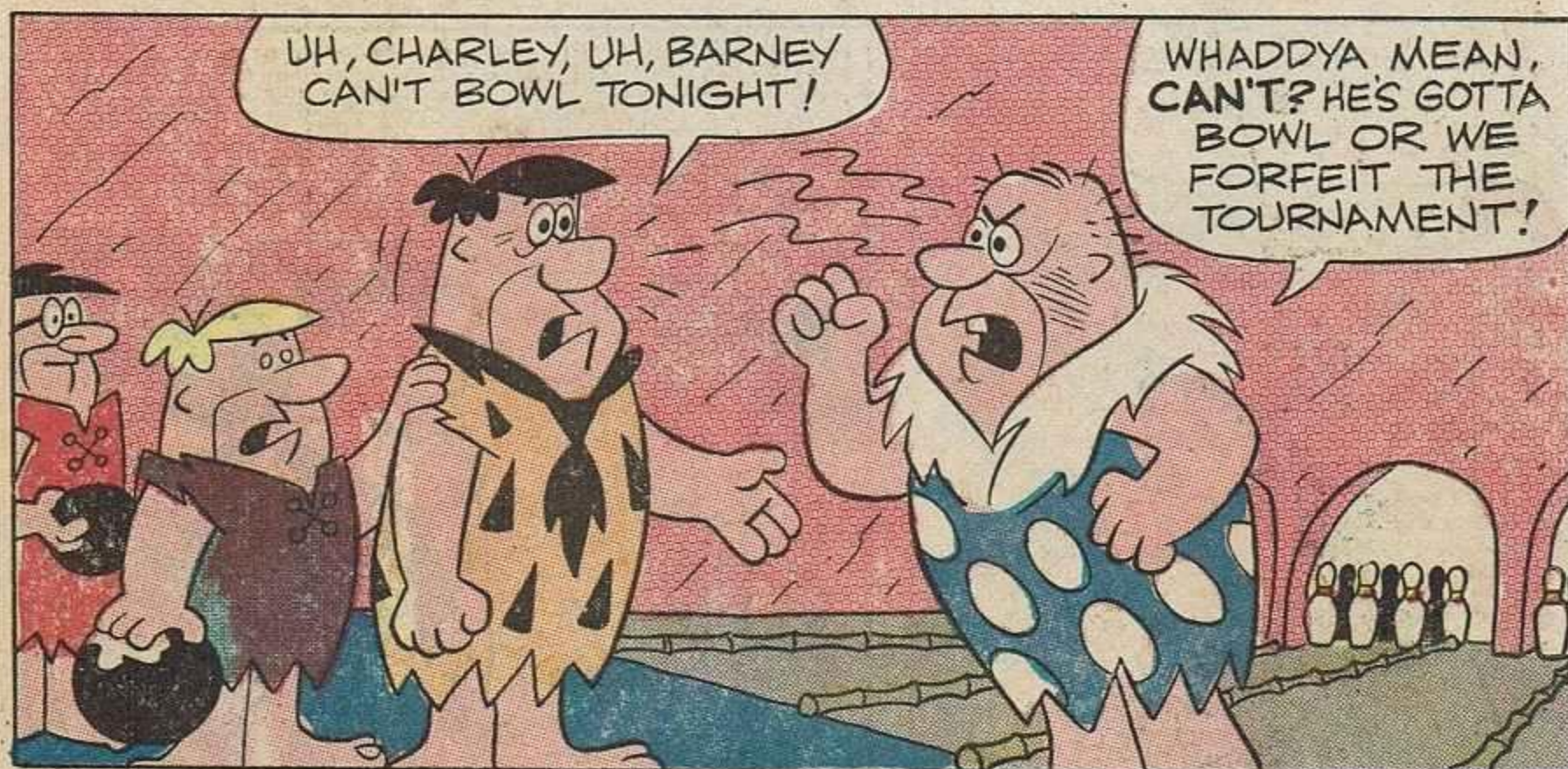


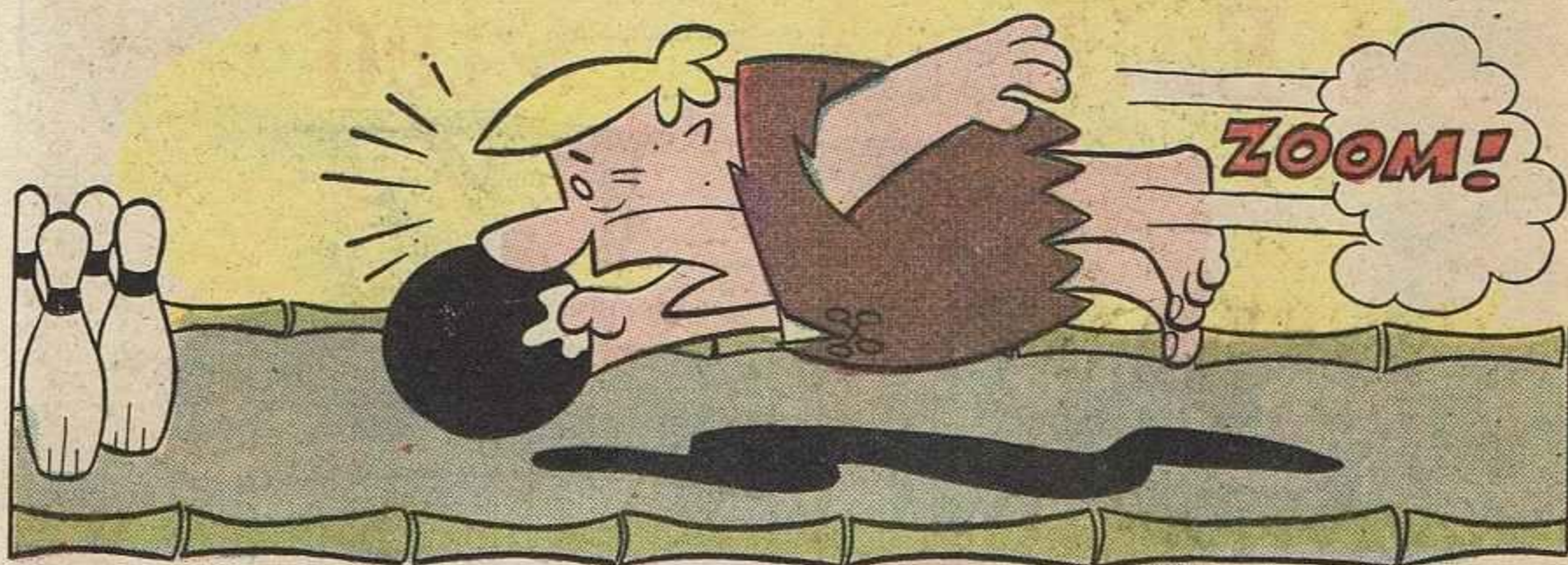
GOTTA LOOK TOUGH WHEN I LOOK THOSE GUYS IN THE EYES!





CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE





Barney & Betty

RUBBLE

Betty's Birthday!

WAIT'LL YOU SEE THE GREAT PRESENT WILMA AND I GOT FOR BETTY'S BIRTHDAY. WHAT'RE YOU GETTING HER, BARN?

NOTHING, FRED!



YOU'RE GIVIN' YOUR OWN WIFE NOTHIN' ON HER BIRTHDAY?

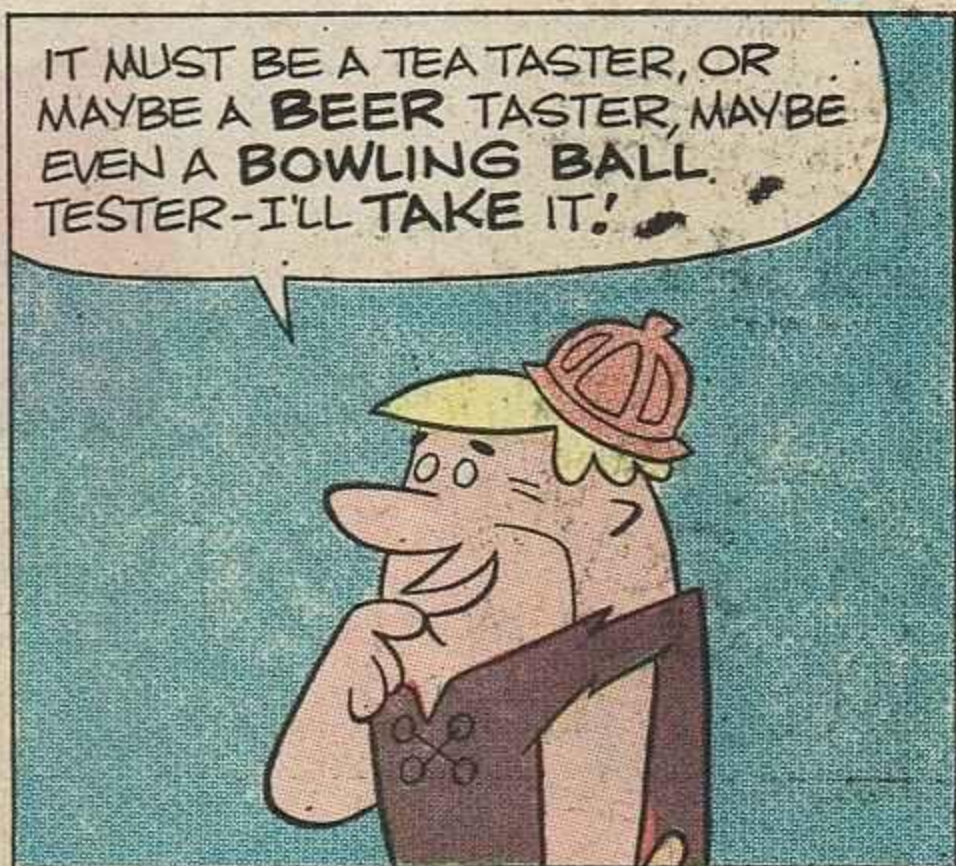
I CAN'T AFFORD ANYTHING!



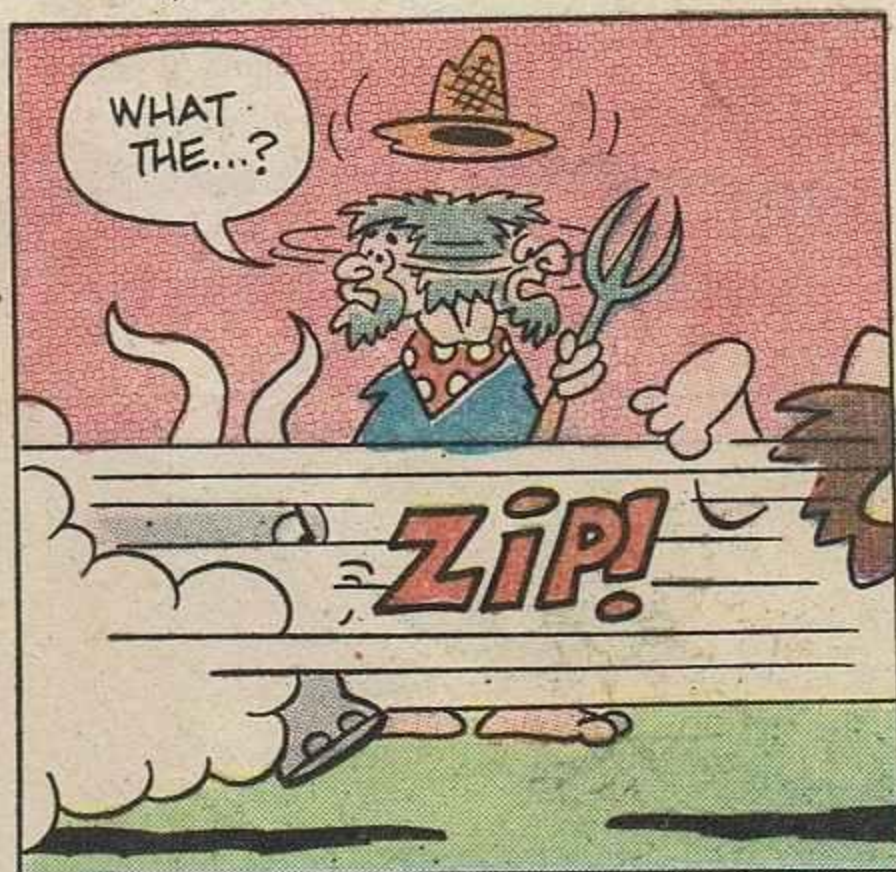
WHY DON'T YA GET A PART-TIME JOB!

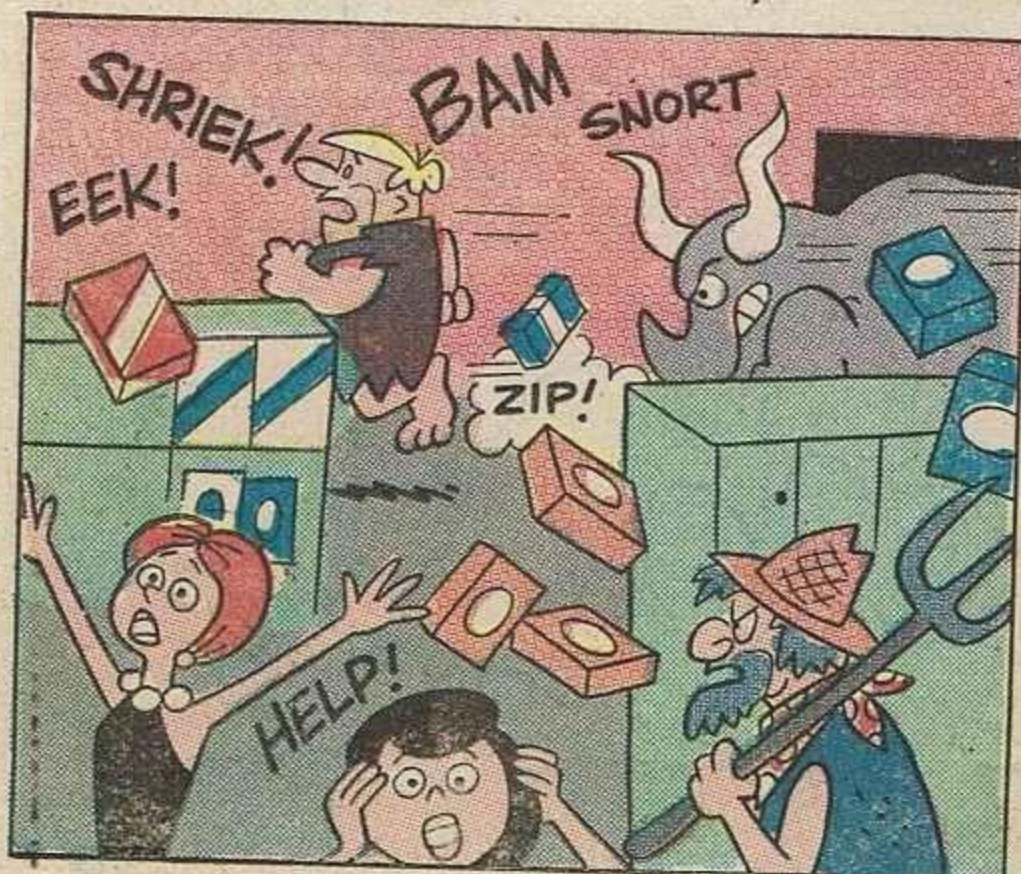
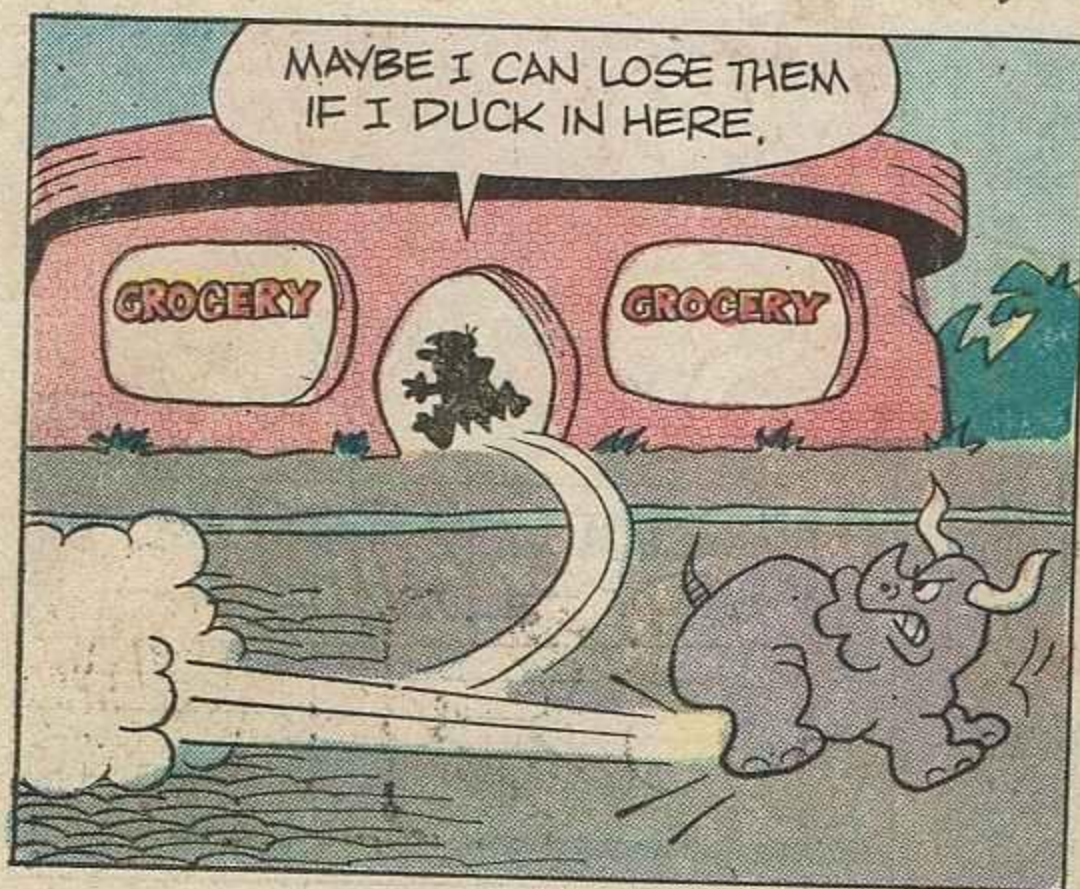
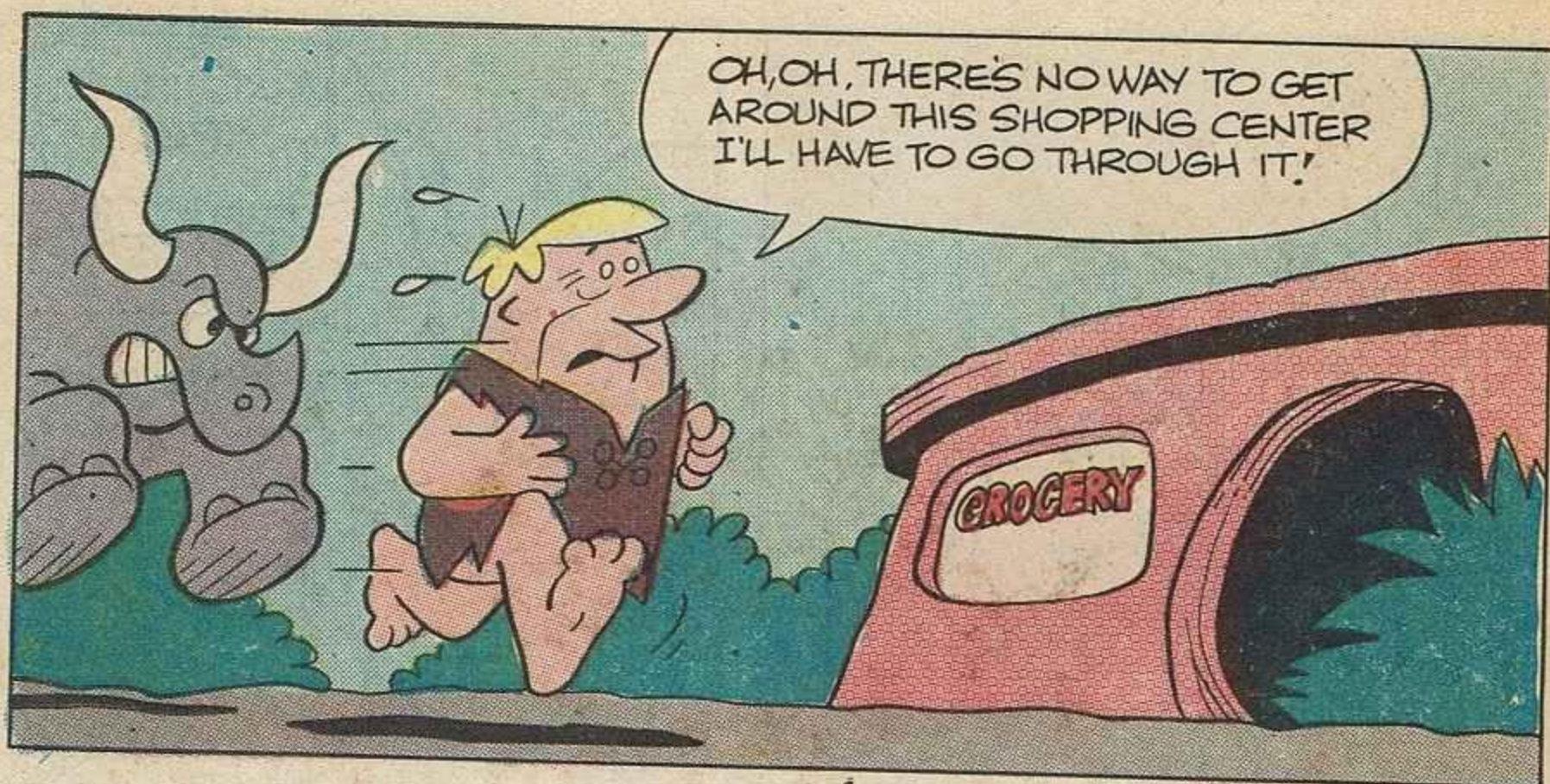
A PART-TIME JOB?



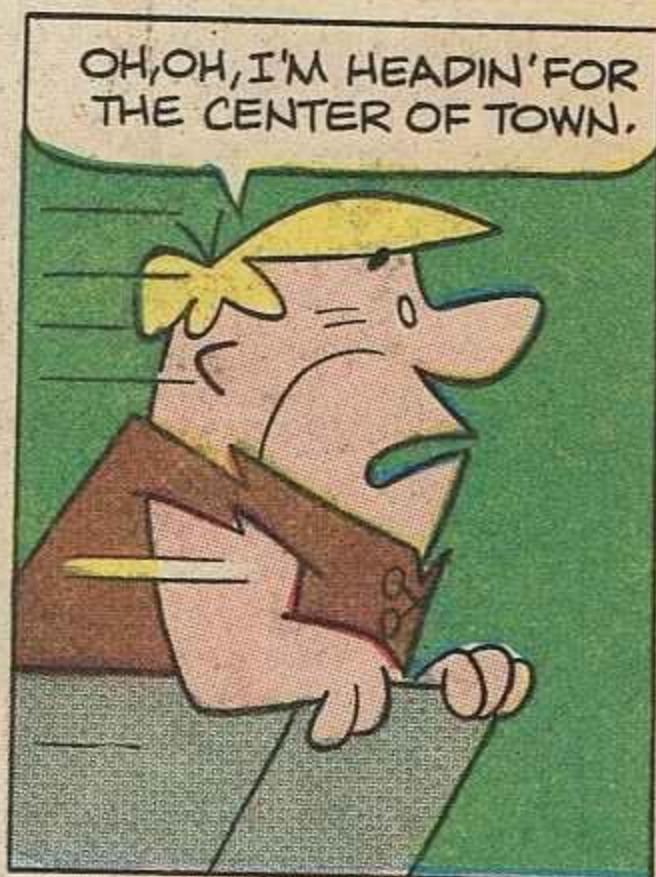


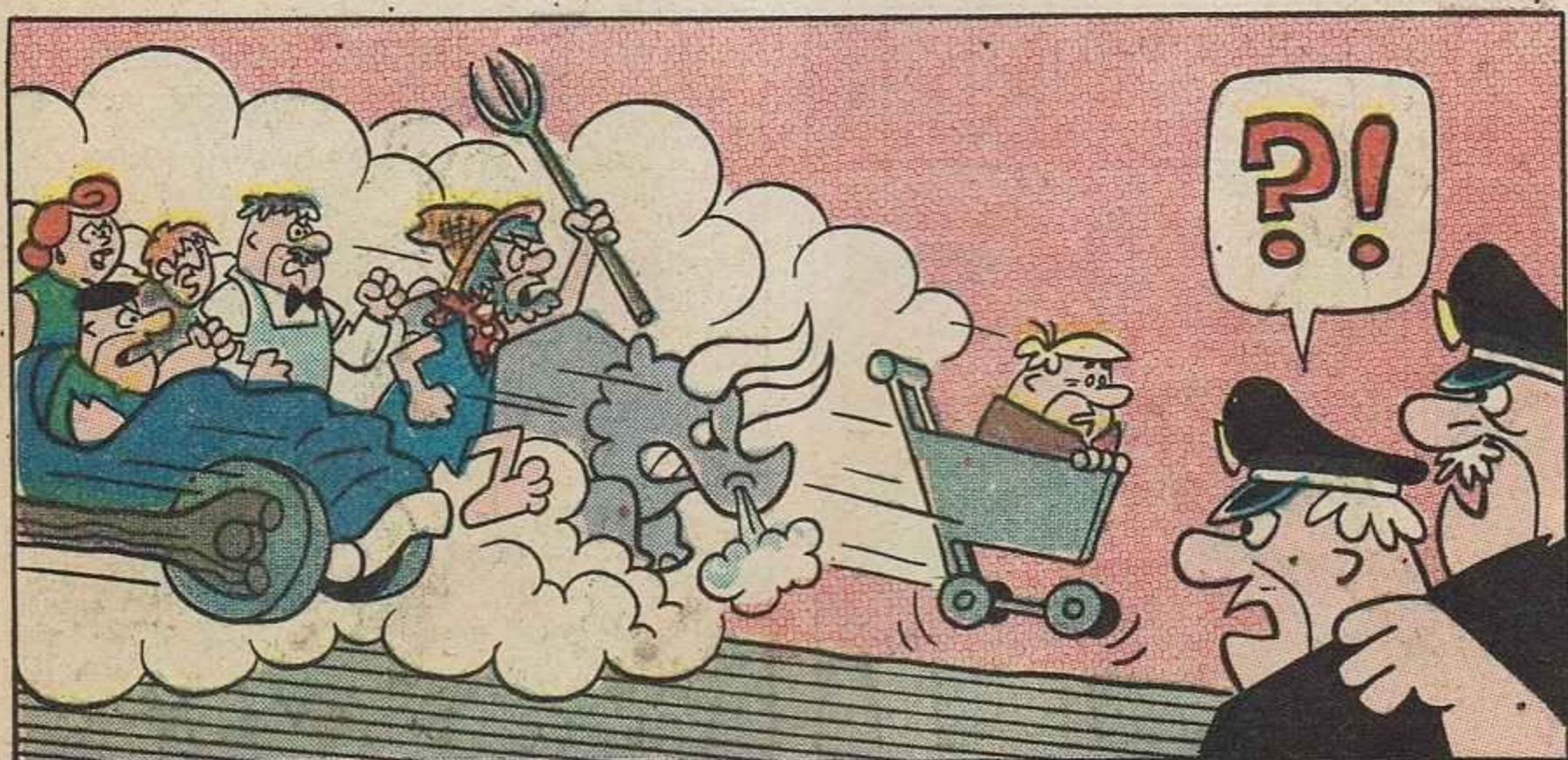
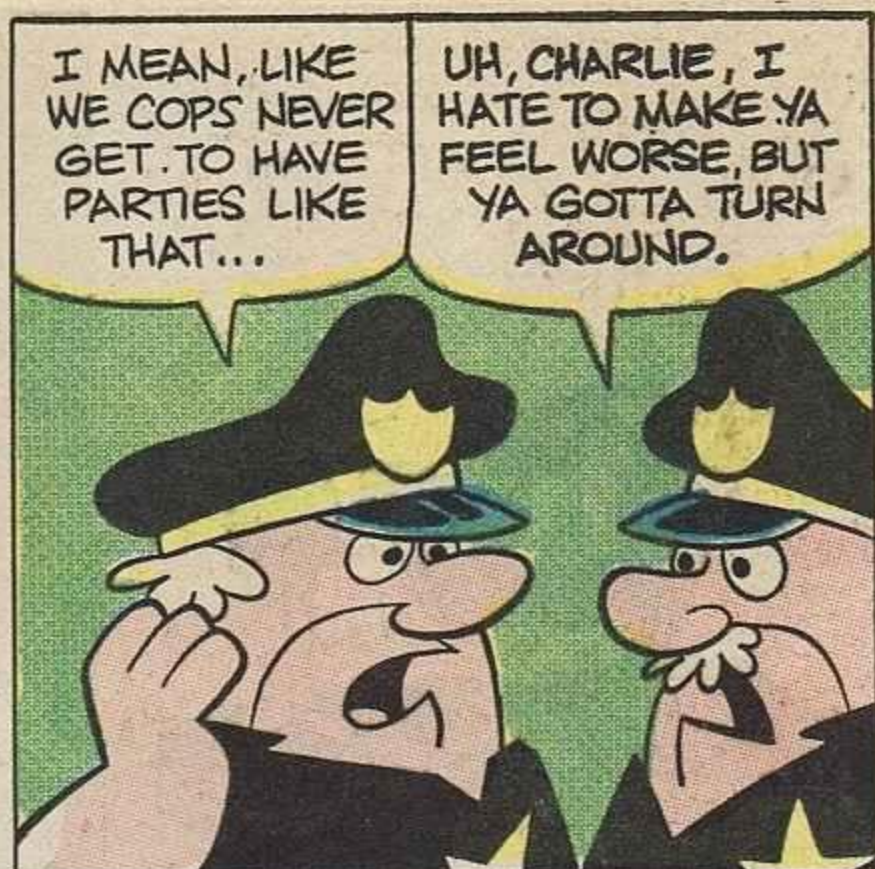


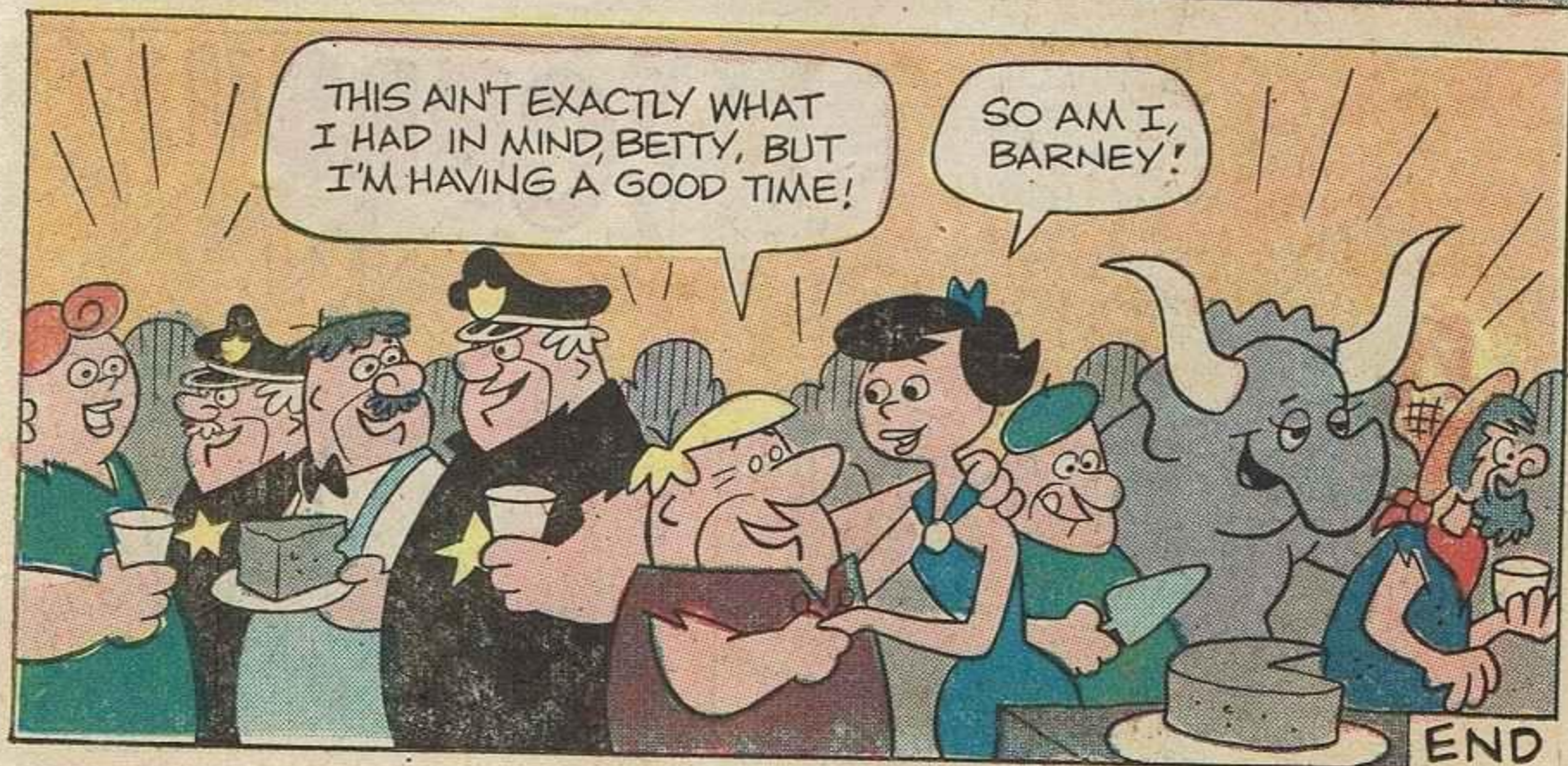




CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE







BOYERS, MOANERS AND CROANERS

For more than thirty years I have taught those darling little children in the grade schools. It has been necessary for me to give them examinations on what they should have studied and should have learned. Sometimes the examination is written. Other times it is oral. I also have to ask them questions about what they are doing. One thing is certain: If the teacher is not clear in pronouncing a word or doesn't make the meaning clear of a thought, those little kids will give you unusual answers. The kids always enjoyed trying to catch teacher with a riddle or puzzle. Or find something that the teacher doesn't know. And how happy a boy or girl is when this has been accomplished.

The first Monday of every month was reserved for Conference with the principal. Mr. Henderson was principal of our school, P.S. 85, for a year. He told us on that particular Monday:

"You will have a ten minute discussion about how useful a watchdog is today. Do not upset the children. Keep the main thought on the dog as a pet for a boy or girl. Captain Killman of the 32nd. precinct was here to see me last Friday. He thought it would be a good idea. Since there have been several burglaries in the Knob Hill section of our community."

The idea seemed too simple. So my first question the next day was this one: "Who can tell me what a watchdog is?"

Frank raised his hand and I recognized him. He faced the class and told them this:

"I know what a watch dog is. We have one at home. His name is Daylight."

Then suddenly Williard began to wave his hand wildly. Definitely something was bothering him. So I let him interrupt Frank.

"If your watchdog is called Daylight does that mean he only is busy in the day? Does he sleep all night long? Do you have another dog for the night? If so, his name must be Nighttime."

"Don't be silly," answered Frank. "We keep the electric lights on in our kitchen. That is where our watchdog rests. So as far as he is concerned it is always daytime. We don't need another dog at all."

"Continue with what you have to tell us," I said. "And please, no more interruptions."

"I almost forgot where I was," smiled Frank. "Oh, yes. Now you all want to know just what a watchdog is. Very easy because we know all about it at our home. We went two months ago visiting. And left our dog at

home to watch. This he did very well. Because when the burglar's broke into our house, all that Daytime did was to watch the burglars take away some things. Later when they were caught one of them he said he liked our dog. Our dog was so nice and friendly. That man looked for dog food and fed it to Daytime. So that is what a watchdog is."

This wasn't what I had expected. I looked at the rest of the class. And then asked:

"Is there anyone here who has a real watchdog. Please stand up and tell us about it."

Little Roberta jumped right up from her seat. And this is what she told the class:

"I have a real watchdog at home. Her name is Sourhour. She sleeps in my room. At the side of my bed. And whenever I want to know the time, then my dog tells it to me."

I was getting mad. I had lost control of a very simple lesson.

"Will you stop fooling us," I half yelled at her. Which was a big mistake. Because Little Roberta started to cry.

"You don't believe me," she sobbed. "I will bring my dog here with my mother. And you will see I am telling the truth."

So the next morning, Mrs. Diana Simpson, Roberta's mother, brought the watchdog to our classroom. And so the students all met Sourhour. And what a surprise we had. Around the collar of the dog was a thin alarm clock. Then Roberta gave a demonstration. She held her hand around the neck of her dog.

"My dog can tell only the hour. Now I ask her aloud what time it is: Sourhour, bark the time for my friends here."

So the dog barked nine times. It was nine o'clock. Here was something wonderful. Only later did Mrs. Simpson explain to me what the "wonderful thing" was.

"Roberta has trained her dog. She gives her a slight pinch. That is the signal to bark. So nine pinches simply meant nine barks. She does that whenever we have company. A remarkable dog."

"And a remarkable little girl," I added.

Until next time and then more about what happened in our school.

VACATION SIGHT!

HEY, BETTY! LISTEN TO THIS: "OWN YOUR OWN VACATION HOME IN WONDER-FILLED SEDIMENT SPRINGS-BREATH TAKING VIEW OF LOCAL NATURE, SWIMMING AND OTHER SPORTS FACILITIES NEARBY..."



... AND IT'S ONLY \$2000!
"-1990 DOWN PLUS ONE DOLLAR A MONTH FOR 10 MONTHS, CONTACT SLUM OF THE EARTH REALTY" WHADDY THINK, BETTY?



SOUNDS GOOD, BARNEY.

IT'S GREAT! IT'S THE PERFECT THING TO BUY WITH THAT MONEY I'VE BEEN SAVING!





CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

